

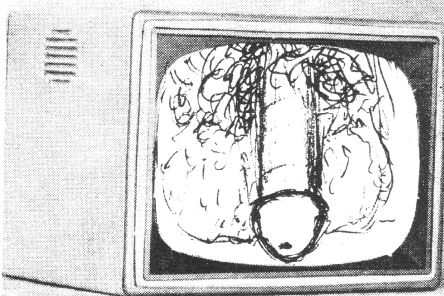
NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND #4



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ABOUT THE COVER

Vinnie—at first he was just your average Geezer-lovin, slam-dancin, punker. Then he was hurled into the spotlight as the first of the Jack Daniels-drinkin Mad. Garden's bouncers. Then it all started. One famous night, Vinnie got on stage and played tooth-harp with Hellfire. We all noticed a strange glimmer in Vinnie's eyes. At the next Hellfire gig he debuted as the sex-symbol vocalist that he truly is. Girls swarmed the stage. Even the fags in the crowd got hot. When Vinnie was finished the big question running through the Garden was: How's he packed? It was then, that we here at the Huge Corp. knew what we must do. We went outside the Garden, to the parking lot, and scraped big Vince up off the gravel (where he had decided to catch 20 winks between bands). We guided him into Tony's office (beer ticket booth), and it was there that the proof of Vinnie's true sexual genius was exposed... Photo by Doc; Penis (cock) by Big Vinnie (the Teddy Bear)

Cover design and conception by:

The Huge Corp. C & P 1983

At last, the fourth issue of "NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND" is on the shelves. Myself and some other NFU writers were in Europe for awhile, which is why it's been so long coming. We're all back now, and I'm proud to present- "The Penis Issue". I hope you like it (not the penis, the issue).

Welcome to 1984. I know some of you are wondering how you're going to deal with increasing "Orwellian"-type situations in 84. (Not to mention ones Orwell didn't think of, and the everyday hang-ups you already have). Well, don't worry young man- WE-WON'T-LET-YOU-STARVE. Remember, "Nick loves us all". Our next issue will feature exclusive material revealing hundreds of guaranteed ways to: stop smoking, lose weight, get rich quick, overcome frigidity/impotency, cure Herpes, beat the Draft, survive a full-scale nuclear war, block mind control/subliminal messages, fool computer systems, avoid police completely and astral project. That will be our special "Survivin' 84" issue and should be available soon. After reading it, you'll have no more problems and won't have to resort to alcohol or religion.

We have a new mailing address:

"NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND"

P.O. Box 23316

PHX AZ 85063

We love letters, and will print them all eventually, except those that say not to.

Since NFU #1, I, being the editor, have had to listen to complaints and petty whining from every imaginable angle. We, who organize NFU, make an effort to keep a loose (as opposed to "Uptight") attitude concerning content. We sometimes print extremes and absurdities just to stimulate brain cells. We never edit contributions to make them conform to our ideas or opinions. We think this adds to the entertainment value of our publication, and keeps it fun and un-business-like for us. As a result, though, some people always get upset. I'm always willing to write, or talk to, anyone who wants to question or debate any of the content. If, however, you're interested in whining or calling me a racist, sexist, communist, anarchist, or any "Ist", I encourage you to blow your horn elsewhere.

ENJOY

Your humble editor,

Nick

CREDITS

Finances- Nick, Mike Pemulis

Photos- Restless Eye

Cover photo courtesy of the HUGE CORP.

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THANK TO:

Debbie Victor- For long time support and verbal contributions, and just being cool.

Tony Victor- For organizing the Benefit, helping with distribution and offering ideas and advice.

Mike Pemulis- For coming through with cash to avoid further delay.

Charlie Brown- For busting his knuckles at the last minute to fix the Co. van.

All the bands who will play the Benefit (unknown at press-time)

Off the subject of NFU, thanx to the following bands who play all over town for very little (or no) money:

Sun City Girls

Eddy Detroit Band

Hellfire

Domino Theory

These bands have been so cool recently that they deserve mention, but I hate to leave out other local bands. All the local bands deserve recognition for not only playing great music, but being willing to play regardless of pay and being cool as hell. Keep it up, fellas!

Letter Of The Month

R.A. Martin 09368-054

P.O. Box 10000 YS

Otisville, Ny 10963

7 Nov 1983

Dear Note from Underground,

I'm a federal prisoner , a punk 

and a writer . I'm desperate for zines to keep in touch with The scene. Could you please send me a charity subscription or at least a few issues? Also, if you want written contributions, a look at The zine  will tell me what sorts of stuff to send you. 

May you live every day of your life!

Boycott Maxell!

Donny The Punk

Charlie On Drumming



Q:

What do you think of while you're playing drums?

I listen to the musical voices that are occurring simultaneously while I'm playing and temper my ideas to the totality of music accordingly while taking into consideration the external musical movement (the other players) by trying to solve the riddle of how my aggressive-passive tendencies are affecting their aggressive-passive sensibilities during the course of the music keeping in mind that any interjection could change the complexion of the piece drastically at any given moment, causing it to careen all over the place fuckin' fast and no foolin' around or so subtle we could babysit your kids with it or fluctuate individually between both dynamic extremes like three mood rings on acid.

On a more important level of abstraction, I'm not very interested in drumming at all.....It's only an involuntary reflex used to portray the illusion of Erroll Flynn swordfighting techniques, prodding a horse into a 60 MPH downhill suicide gallop, or demonstrating how the hand is quicker than the eye by performing sleight-of-hand drumstick magic tricks that give the impression that the 1/24 of a second time lag between physical occurrence and visual recognition has been lifted, playing the real life drama that happens when musical cues are derived from secretly watching a member of the audience blink his eyes and accenting the music accordingly while using Proustian notions of time translated into rhythmic-time in which the flow of musical events can be manipulated to imply forward motion or inverted motion by reversing the tension and release ingredients that the audience naturally responds to so that when these limits are removed the feeling of temporal elasticity and even the suspension of time can be demonstrated.

Sometimes it's very interesting to play irritating noise to create a feeling of anxiety and unrest in the listener, so that when the pressure is removed, the feeling of well-being that might occur during more subtle passages can be interpreted through the ears of one who has just experienced very dissimilar feelings; on the other hand, sometimes it's important to put the pressure on and leave it on. The sound of one car crashing.

Sometimes I try to develop four limb independent coordination as a health exercise to equalize the impending disaster that chain smoking three packs of cigarettes a day might cause while contemplating the glorious importance of making mistakes.

Although the drumming may sound like something other than the feeling I'm trying to evoke from whatever emotional residue I'm feeding off of, it's just a simulation of that evocation, dealt with in time-rhythm, after the fact, and multiplies the contradictions between the mistaken identity of the music and the intentional simulated drama of, for instance, Arabic desert music, the "Outside" interpretation of various drum and bugle corps music, the sound of giving the cops the slip outside a Circle-K, (you supply the paranoia), tribal violence in escalation, a gutter in the sky, onomatopoeic circus drum special effects, the mystery feedback drum with a membrane smear, unaccountable musical coincidences that gesture towards fate, prepared trap drum set with card tricks, pre-written compositions that are never performed and unwritten compositions that are not performed once but many times and not for the sake of faith in the Unseen (as represented in the phrase "A KABOOM then harp music") but only for the faith in the unknowable. Amorally transcendent perfection.

Ritually, those who adhere to contemporary music precepts are sometimes disillusioned and driven away by the sublime noise levels. That is to say, they were exercising free will. That's the burning nerve ending magic trick. Yet those noise levels are important, not only for the reason I was talking about earlier, but also as a test of will and as a means of nurturing empathy because I'm not really interested in noise either, I'm more interested in the importance of giving dissonance and non-rhythmic experimentation more than equal time. Amoralism over will. The mathematical possibilities of dissonant (so-called "Noise") harmonies are far greater than consonance. And I could care less although dissonance usually works better as a method for creating simulated drama.

At any rate, free drumming, to me, is a matter of using the imagination to concentrate visually on whatever carnival-type ride I want to summon up, draw different circles and shapes in the air with the tips of the drumsticks (as a form of protection against anyone that might want to get too close to me) and sit back and listen to how the sticks slap against the drumheads while monitoring the level of musical irony by registering how often I grin during the proceedings. Have you ever felt like an old woman in mourning who survives on a planet lit only by a dim green sun???

7-4-83

Essaouira is a small fishing village on the central West coast of Morocco, 300 miles southwest of Casablanca. The history everyone tells me of it is so contradictory that it must have all happened. The last few hundred years have engulfed the village in French, Spanish, and English rule. The old Spanish name for this port was Magador. The fortress remains intact complete with cannons shipped from Barcelona in the 1700s. About twenty years ago, Essaouira and neighboring Diabat (4 Km south; smaller village at mouth of river) were raided by beatnik hippy Westies who, together with the native Moslem population, took acid, smoked exotic hash, sputnik kif, opium, did psycho dances in moonlight river orgies and played folk music. Jimi Hendrix came here once. He was here for one day. He was here for a week. A month. Two months. Three years. Every possible stint you could imagine depending on who you talk to. Supposedly he wanted to buy the island (2 miles out from shore in the Atlantic Ocean), with the old Mosque on it and convert it into a recording studio castle whorehouse. Cat Stevens came here but who the fuck cares anyway...

When I got here, Diabat looked like a garbage dump in the South Bronx. Someone told me that the police closed the village to tourists after some crazy Moroccans killed a couple a few years ago. Stabbed 'em ten times for the fuck of it. Today the whole area is relatively quiet. Everyone is laying low, including a few Polisario guerillas, excess French tourists, painters and writers in exile or seclusion, Moslem fundamen-

this is an excerpt from my not yet completed 3rd autobiography. It was edited from the book because it wasn't good enough. Therefore, I have donated this piece to Notes from Underground....*Don Peckoff*



talists, prostitute junkies, and the angry young Moroccans I have encountered in each town who hate the government, hate the tourists, smoke hash and hate themselves. This place is ok. The Berber fishermen and merchants are friendlier and less aggressive than any other place I've been in the country. I hung out with this local musician who wants to merge Berber music with American pop, blending Sudanese trance rhythms with Western lyrical cliches creating a dance groove parallel to Reggae. He paints much better than he sings. He wants to get to America but he needs the written permission from a US citizen stating they will take all responsibility for him for three months, then the US consulate is contacted by the Moroccan consulate to pull off his visa.

"Let me out you fuckin' prison managers! I got enough money to pull it off and fuck you anyway! It's my life and my sword points West and I shall go cutting any of you King Hassan place lls to shredded flesh if you make barricades!"...That's more or less how he speaks and I'm not about to pledge responsibility for someone else, let alone myself.

I met a writer from New York who knows Paul Bowles and he turned me on to some opium sold over the counter in the spice souk. For \$1 I got 55 grams!

The wind is always strong here, mostly cool and clouded. Like most places I stay at for awhile, instead of settling in I had to break out.....

DAVID OLIPHANT is a painter and a composer of sounds. Some of his projects include: THE INVALID BALLET COMPANY, DALIS' DAUGHTER, PSYCHIATRISTS ARE BAFFLED, and MAYBE MENTAL. This interview occurred in DAVIDS studio in early November 1983.

NFU: Have you had any supernatural experiences?

DO: Throughout my whole life I've been real sensitive to things where I can see a lot more in a very simple movement; like in a conversation with someone to where I can easily anticipate what they are talking about. I've had miscellaneous premonitions that have happened soon afterwards, and I've always, I don't know if you'd call it "Hallucinations" or "Borderline Hallucinations" or if my imagination is such that sometimes I can automatically confuse something I'm thinking inside with what I'm seeing outsideBut, it's minor things, like driving down the road..... I flashed on seeing this cat dead in the road that ends cat, and the next day, there it was..... road in the same exact spot. But I wouldn't mind-boggling. I've just always been close to life. I've never seen Tibetan monks appear or disappear but anything less than that I don't really pay much attention to because this is so natural for me. It would take some- thing of that magnitude for me to really remember it for very long.

NFU: How do you acce

pt these experiences?

DO: It's something that it's not like I spend a going through rituals that those kinds of things do. I I think anyone can do it if wanting to do it. It has a lot make. The whole supernatural

I like to think I am part of, but long period of time everyday people that are able to do definitely believe in it. And they apply themselves to to do with the music that I side of things.

NFU: At one of your recent perfor- strange things were happening. The and off in synch with the rhythm you were controlling it.....

mances at Decadance, light was going on track and I thought

DO: I thought the sound man was doing it,

but he denies it.

HFU: How do you think of death?

DO: I think about it in a lot of different ways. it purely in the abstract sense. I believe that or soul or whatever continues beyond the body. thought about the difference between having a body having a body. I have also tried to imagine as vivid as completely, all body sensations, what various kinds death would be like. I don't like doing that because I eventually start thinking, "Oh, no! I'm not breathing!"

I think of your mind I've and not ly and of

NFU: Do you believe that there is a conspiracy against the ment of the human spirit by unseen powers?

evolve-

DO: It depends on how paranoid I get. Sometimes I think that there is a governing body of human beings that are in control of things above and beyond the rulers of nations and the rulers of the financial world. Sometimes I do think there

is some type of being, perhaps the equivalent of souls that are out there that are not in bodies, that there is a good and evil side to them. I believe we have guides, little voices in your head that sound like your own voice talking to yourself, giving information.

NFU: What motivates you to work with various extremes of sound?

DO: Those sounds strike me in the most visual way possible. Communicating ideas that began inside of you through sound is something that originated from a very pure, spiritual source. Mankind didn't begin having the ability to speak. Their entire world was visual and any abilities they had in terms of memory and development occurred initially because they were able to take and make conclusions based on visual experiences. The original use of sounds or words was not how we use words. The only time we're not talking to ourselves inside our head is when we're asleep and then we're going through another whole world. Original verbal communication was trying to relate an object from inside your head in an audible way to another human being, because otherwise it would be just another sound, like birds or emotions. To come up with the sound, they would have to be much more sensitive to the experiences in the real world around them. Music and sound developed as a means to express thoughts. Music was a ritual, a spiritual thing, communicating with nature. Before we were surrounded by electricity and houses, we were surrounded by nature itself; that everybody drives to for 2 hours on the weekend twice a year to see. They started music based on interaction with these things. Dancing as an expression of joy based on their own movements and what they see animals do. The rhythms being an extension of birds, wind, creeks, storms, whatever. It was used as a common tool between these people to create feelings in a large amount of peoples' minds. They were all experiencing the same thing, or a related thing. It wasn't entertainment, it was a way of life. There are monks that have strange horns that sound like elephants screaming at the world, sometimes horrible things happening, sometimes peaceful things happening, but always powerful, simple long drones bursting out at you. You can feel the bass and the screaming in your nervous system and that's what music developed out of, and it's been turned into this big commercial thing that started getting rules for it. There were originally no rules for music because there was no need for it. It was a very pure thing. And, as man discovered more of his ability to develop his intelligence, to learn to write, to notate, communicate on a very fluent basis, as language developed, all these rules were adopted. Music developed rules, too. Notes, intonation, combining notes that were pleasant, there were even chords that were outlawed because they were considered to be unharmonic. It became more commercial. Our physical abilities, thinking, reasoning, inventions, have made us execute these things in a much more controlled way. As man evolves, he wants to control more of his environment and himself. Music was taken away from sound as sound itself. It became this big, rigid school that turned out all these supposed "Formal"-type things. The early avant-gardists shocked people because they didn't play something conventional at the time. Now, instead of taking 100 years for a period of music to develop, peak and decline, it takes 10 or 15 years. Big Band, Rock-n-Roll, and now, 40 little offshoots of Rock-n-Roll. Everybody thinks, "Oh, ok, this is real radical, we're going to follow it for a while!" You've got thousands of people playing and millions of people listening to the same music. There's nothing radical in numbers like that. It's another extension of commercialized music. Even further and further away from any kind of



spiritualness that was originally there.

NFU: Are you saying that original musicians, primitive musicians, had little fear of the unknown where now it's exactly the opposite?

DO: I think early man couldn't possibly have any fear of the unknown, but a respect for it in terms of always being on the lookout for it. Early man didn't have all our sheltered conveniences. There couldn't be any real fear of the unknown because he was constantly fighting it. So far as a fear of something different is concerned, that's simply a learned trait through our "Supposed" evolution.

NFU: Anything to add on visuals and sound?

DO: What I'm interested in doing is breaking all the rules I have in my head that are related to past listening experiences and visual experiences. And then relearning the rules, so to speak, with that attitude, so that I can take advantage of the things that I see, working in a fusion between the spiritual pureness I was trying to describe and the written rules developed by commercial endeavors to bring forth a new language. At least a new way to deal with sound to where it could almost be considered a new language. I work in a wide variety of styles of music, one of them is "Industrial", and it's too bad Throbbing Gristle, (pioneers of "Industrial" music), takes offense to the fact that everybody's calling that kind of music something they named.

NFU: It's convenient to get the idea in someones head as fast as possible.

DO: Yes. You immediately visualize this big factory and you immediately hear the machine rhythms. I'm working with many things, the older progressive music, and pure noise that has nothing to do with any style of music or what anybody else has done. I'm trying to pull all these things together and create something that is very pure. In that ideas come into my head and I get them out exactly how I hear them. Also, taking into consideration the rules that I have found that do work. I'm interested in trying to assemble concrete little packages that people can listen to either in the form of tapes, or hopefully live shows can come off in such a way that the music and the kind of reaction that a person will have to it, that will take the time to sit there and let images come in and out of his head will be a very unique, individualized experience that, hopefully, will separate the listener from his normal environment or thinking mode. And, a lot of what is naturally, and sometimes purposely real twisted, unbalanced, kinds of sounds that are extreme enough to conjure up a queezy feeling in a person, will also be there for those people who are afraid of the dark side of them. It's presenting an avenue that a large amount of people can at least, if nothing but in a surface way, look in the backside of their heads for a few moments. Noise doesn't have to cause pain, terror, or insanity, it can be a very large batch of sound inside your head, like a piece of sandpaper running over the inside of your brain. That doesn't have to be painful, that can just be an experience. That's where the purity of sound I was talking about earlier came from. There are good and bad experiences, yes, but you have to face all of them on an equal level or you won't be able to survive.

AVAILABLE RECORDINGS

DALIS DAUGHTER - "Memories of my Birth"
C-45 Various "Industrial" type experiments

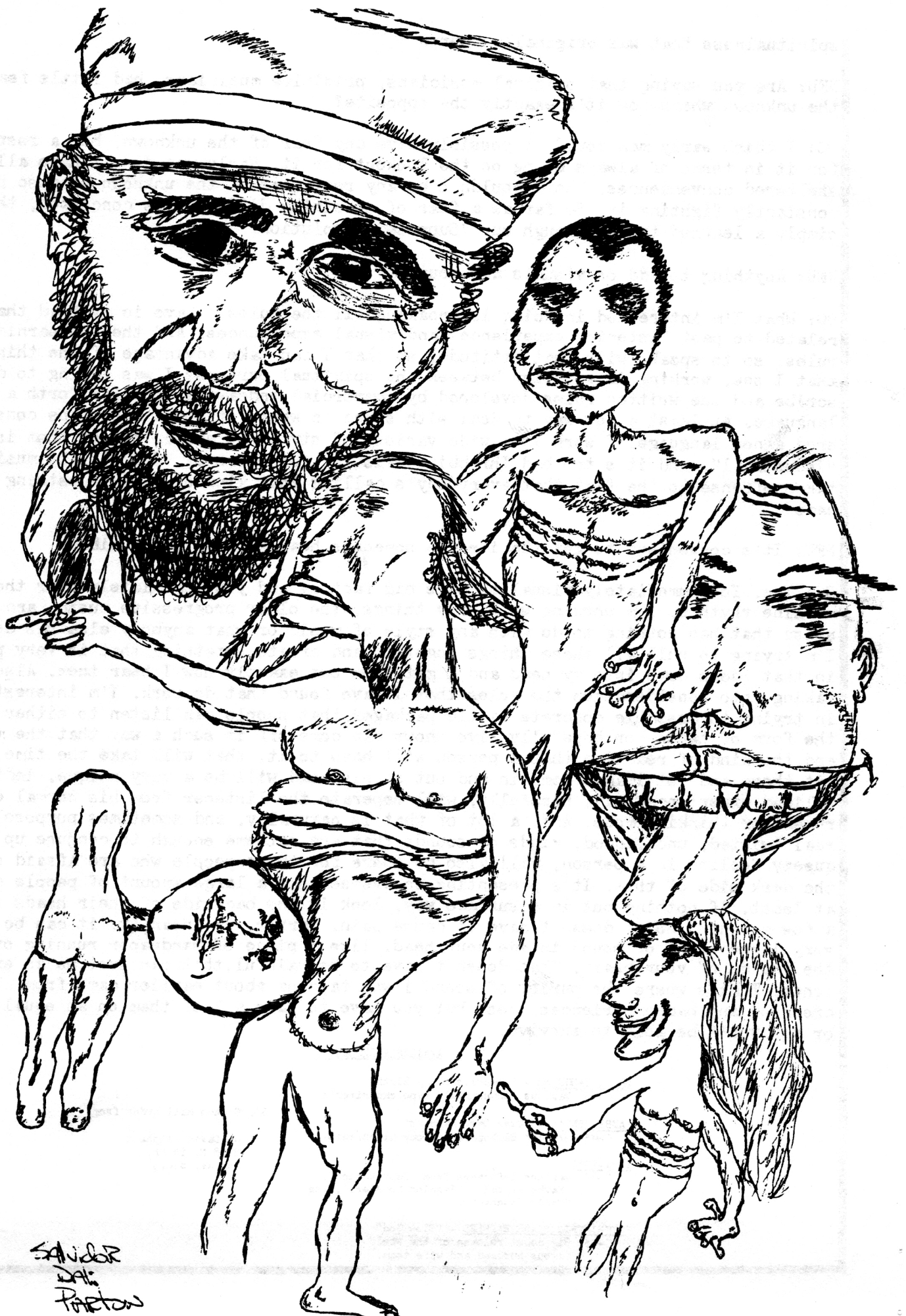
MAYBE MENTAL - "Over Dark Harbors"
C-45 w/ Alan Bishop/voice*Doug Clark/guitar

1981-1982
C-45 Various leftovers from "Destruction",
"Maybe Mental", "Fashion Monsters", and
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"THAT'S YOUR OPINION!" DEPT.

My name is Clemenza. I'm gonna tell ya some band reviews. Although the following is just my opinion, it should be accepted as divinely inspired, and taken very seriously. You should read this, learn from it, follow it. From now on, these will be the words by which you form your opinion and eventually your personality.

CIRCLE JERKS - MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (MSG)

Not much to write home about.
I've seen them play worse.
"Gnarley band"...Yeah, right.

SCREAM - MSG

Not bad. Some interesting songs.

CATHERDRAL OF TEARS - MSG

Soon to be seen on MTV.

WASTED YOUTH - MSG

Who the fuck is WASTED YOUTH and where did all these people come from??? "They SHRED, dude!"
Yeah, right.

AGENT ORANGE - MSG

Two and one-half stars.

HUSKER DU - MSG

Better than most thrash-type bands.

FEEDERZ - MSG

The drummer was so drunk he dropped his sticks eight times.

GBH - MSG

What is this, some kinda bad joke??
Who the fuck does Maggie Thatcher think she is sending that shit to PHX?? "Burley hair!" Yeah, right.

SUN CITY GIRLS - WHISKERS WEST

1st night...Great! Crafty little devils!
2nd night...Well, let's see.....

MAYBE MENTAL - WHISKERS WEST

Good show. Visuals.

JOKE FLOWERS - WHISKERS WEST

Good acoustic set.

MEAT PUPPETS - WHISKERS WEST

New equipment, new songs, but a below par show for the home team.

SPHINCTER - MSG

This stuff is genuinely sick.
A MUST for anyone who is still breathing!

CONFLICT - MSG

These guys are really starting to become entertaining. I liked it.

JFA - MSG

Real good show. They've played well the last couple shows.

ZANY GUYS - MSG

PHX is lucky. Another good solid band. First few shows have been a real good time.

MEAT PUPPETS - MSG

Historic show! The MEAT PUPPETS worst show ever! No good feeling this time. No intensity. They looked like factory workers on Monday morning.

HELLFIRE - PARTY

Good rockin' tonight! Drunks, broken bottles, kegs, drunks, more drunks, "Do the drink and fuck, yeah!"
Good rockin'tonight.

SUN CITY GIRLS - FUNNY FELLOWS OPEN MIC

Acoustic set. Uncle jim, Eddie Detroit medley, Jokers On A Waltz. This was a truly destructive evening.

PHX is lucky to be seeing such good music. Notice that most of the best sets have come from local bands. Seems like a lot of people that come to shows don't even notice the opening acts. They are the bands that are making the shows interesting lately. Don't be so worried about what you should like. Don't let fads and out-of-town trends affect your decisions about local talent.

A CHAT WITH

PETE CANNON

Pete Cannon was interviewed by phone in his Manhattan loft Sept. 5 1983. His novel, "The Family of Europe", is due to appear early next year.

NFU: Do you believe you are a god?

PC: Yes. We are all gods and only a few of us realize it and yes, I am a god because gods are invincible and immortal. Invincible because they can only hurt themselves and immortal because you never see your own death.

NFU: What was going on in Paris in the 1790s?

PC: Oh, the terror! Robespierre cuttin' peoples heads off...It was beautiful! Virtue for virtues sake! If he didn't like someone, he just accused them of anything and they killed 'em!It was better than dealing with the Zeliskos.

NFU: How do you sleep?

PC: Historically, all great men: Alexander the Great, Napoleon, Caesar, if ya wanna throw Hitler in there, ya know, all the biggies, they never slept a full 8 hours because they didn't have time....They were so busy killing people! Ya take 15 minute cat naps, about 20 of em a day, when you're in carriage rides or goin' to the bathroom, or fuckin, any of those leisure-type activities.....Ya gotta slide and you catch your Zs cuz that way, you're up constantly and your enemies can't get ya! If ya notice, none of their enemies got them except Caesar, cuz he started those 8 hour nights and that's what killed him!

NFU: Was Descartes full of shit?

PC: Descartes was the evilist man in Western civilization. He's the man that gave us math and geometry and told us that money controls the world

NFU: What about Plato?

PC: Greek homosexual, good man! An aristocrat. "Never trust the masses.. The masses are asses!"

NFU: How about Jack Johnson?

PC: Yeah! Great! Do the white chick and get hung for it! Yeah-typically American.

NFU: Speaking of movies, what's your favorite western?

PC: Apocalypse Now.

NFU: Favorite comedy?

PC: Apocalypse Now.

will of the people exerts
the mass separates for
the purpose dance
social movement subgroup
subgroups act in their
fashion the beat/
subgroup response

music by market
subgroup response

THRASH

VERBA ON

1983

EXILE

EVERY Hens You...



SLOW THRASH a poetic mutation at mad gardens

in noncommercial enter-
tainment bands and dancers
revolve around rejection
old forms disappear
boy/girl pairs lose
popularity the dance
floorjumbles arms and
people thrash and then
a revolution
men(boys) take over
a new kind of sexual
BOY SEX-Women wiggle
on the sidelines Guideline
broken maybe just one
she-teen took.

People who don't thrash
the boys are thrashin
everyone else stays
out of the way observing
reflecting not dancing
thrash starts out violent
and soon mellows as it
gains acceptance as popular
dance form of the 80's
a tradition

EVOLUTION

ryni Phoenix ch?

Verba Sym



she wants to dance but
public opinion constrains her

ROB HALL SPEAKS!

To be honest, live show reviews would have to be one of the most pointless activities anyone could engage in. The people at the show don't need some semi-literate asshole fanzine hack (such as myself) to tell them what they saw. They probably know what they saw. And the people who weren't there can't go back and relive the experience they already missed, so what's the point? However, I've come to the realization that my need to see my name in print is stronger than any sense of integrity I might have.

LOS METAL MASSACRE GUYS, UNCLE JIM, MAYBE MENTAL PSALMS @ DECADANCE and a TOOL SHED

I got to Decadance early and saw that the Bishop Bros. had returned from Europe and their whoring excursions into Africa. Not only that, but they brought Mike Beram back with them. Any way, I gave them a heavy metal rod with a pistonized shaft as a coming home gift. Then after awhile we heard "The Immigrant Song" coming from across the street (I thought it was a record). A small group of us went to check out this heavy metal band playing covers in a Van Buren junkyard. There they were, playing, surrounded by their entourage of air-guitar playing, beer guzzling, closet case cowboys and a bunch of girls in Journey shirts and polka-dot mini-skirts. Then this big cowboy started following Count Clark around and mumbling to himself, because he doesn't know anything.

Back at Decadance, Uncle Jim started explaining the world to us. Uncle Jim is a godhead and if you don't like it you're just a three dollar bill and aren't worth a fuck. Apparently Uncle Jim hit close to home for the person running sound, and he decided he didn't like him. So, in the grand tradition of local pettiness, he decided to mess up the pre-set sound levels that Maybe Mental had. It sounded like the band was playing through a transistor radio at first. Donna got real mad and started to throw things around. Once everything was put in order, Maybe Mental began their set. They seem to be in a transitory phase. Instead of relying on pre-recorded tapes and noise to create atmosphere, they're using the interplay of rhythm and melody. In some respects, it's more disciplined and accessible than what they've done before. If the band and the people in it can remain active and stable it'll be interesting to see where they'll be in six months.

During the intermission, we went outside and pretended to shoot people we didn't like (which was almost everybody). Then came a rumble from the fearsome Psalms. I don't care how pretentious they are, it still sounds like a 60's garage Barry Manilow for east side three dollar high school bills.

SPHINCTER, LEGAL WEAPON, FEEDERZ @ THE GARDEN

Discharge was supposed to headline but could

not make it because of troubles with immigration. It's too bad, in that there weren't as many people there to spend money and see Sphincter. On the other hand, there weren't as many people there acting like stupid little punks and I didn't have to listen to Discharge!

Sphincter opened with Bam replacing the near legendary Doug Goss. Without getting into who's a better drummer, the band was fantastic. There were all sorts of explosions and groaning sounds during their set. They started with a smog machine that filled the Garden with vanilla-flavored grey smoke. As the smoke cleared, the band, (who were dressed like leathery bag-lady grim reapers), did a song about "Temple gods and devil frogs...". This is a brilliant band. If you combined King Crimson, Blue Cheer and the early Damned, you might get some idea of what they sound like. Ron Reckless was in prime form, telling jokes, singing/screaming, making social commentary, and playing with toys-the man is "Mr. Show Business". After the set Nick told me some things doctors do to people who abuse their sphincters and the importance of calm bowel movements.

Legal Weapon shouldn't have bothered to get up on stage. They weren't any better or any worse than a lot of bands, but what's the point in trying to compete with genius?

The new Feederz on short notice came to replace Discharge. Mark the bassist and Darren on drums have the same basic sound as the old Feederz. What was real disappointing was Frank. I was hoping to hear Franks high-strung fire and brimstone voice slag and ridicule whatever nearby "cunt", "homosexual", and punk he could find. He didn't. He seemed either bored or uncomfortable.

After the show some fat girl made fun of my shirt so I went home.

ZANY GUYS, SUN CITY GIRLS, VIOLENT FEMMES @ MSG

Zany guys seem to be getting more popular. Their brand of country/blues/punk went over well.

The Sun City Girls brought out their big band to make all the happy people in the audience happier. For 20 minutes, the Girls did the usual sort of set: compositions giving way to extended improvis giving way to confrontation with whatever fashion conscious little skinhead can be used and back again. All of a sudden the big band stormed the stage, featuring: Eddy Detroit Doug Clark, Manfred, Timmm Silbaough, Dan Clark, Kerry Kuggleman, David and Donna Oliphant, Greg hynes, a member of Domino Theory, and a bunch of people I don't know. Even Miles Davis! (Disguised as a suburban dick). Miles is too immature for his own good-he had some year-old mystery caps that Pan gave him that disappeared.

The crowd got real happy when the Violent Femmes took to the stage (by this time the people in the audience were almost microscopic). Once the music began a lot of people started to bounce around (just like on TV). The rest sat in back and pretended they were watching MTV. Mo Tucker played drums and hardly anyone recognized the ferocious lady. Miles walked around and listened to people conspire against him and predict his actions. I shouldn't let the audience affect how I feel about a band but then again what fucking difference does it make.....

poetry

With a rotten plummers fuck. Text and plot-peek me-plant and toil. Wrists open toil my fuck you dread seed. Give life and death; work and misery shit! Natures lie, hate your trap. Dig me you drag fuck. Hit and miss my naked balls you vulture bitch. Grab and yeah kill-indulging animal entity-eat. Vent my hate at the as is, only there can blame. Natures mistake combines its' pain and drills my ass Fuck you! Populous combine. Energy boredom, my waste. Waste me, mass and chemical, crotch and all shit! Pump cycle, more same-illuminated garbage and your wrath. You're a vex, a sharpened knife-relentless, ongoing, axing, blemishing, driving curse.

I rolled out of bed
With nary a backward glance
Put on my mask of reality
Wishing it were something

Love slowly painfully washed away
Clinging desperately to nothing
All in the name of love
Light forever extinguished

Hearts ravaged and torn
Consuming fire
White light
Hostility
Cold stars disappear as one
Fear of reality
Songs of Pain

Hatred and black feelings
Take off for nowhere and stay forever

Technology burns
The ancient knowledge
The very life from earth
Almost blinding
Leave us with the computer gallows we've built ourselves

Like your wildest dreams
An empty sea

Red hot eyes full of fury
On the edge of my mind
The dying hours
Life passes us by
Death as his playmate closes in

As the clock ticks away
A cry for understanding

The answers dance
Dream world of passion
Warm glow of innocence
Far surpasses reality
Unspoken language of love
Dance in my head
I'm subdued by your charms

COCAINE PUPPET

Lines shimmer coldly on the mirror
Icy steel of the razor caresses my fingers
Tightly rolled bill completes the picture
Nostrils quiver in anticipation
Am I merely a cocaine puppet?
Cravings grow with each empty day
My brain turns to liquid
My heart to stone
Eyes stare unseeingly at the world
Am I merely a cocaine puppet?
I want you so my white snow queen
Thoughts of you are ever present
You have me tightly in your grip
I long for your arctic embrace
Am I merely a cocaine puppet?
Friends fade to faint memories
Love - a thing of the past
You are the only friend and lover I need
All others pale in comparison
I AM merely a cocaine puppet



Quiz of the Day

GET UP! GET OUT! GET GOING!

Open the doors inside
Do you wanna be a ship
Or an anchor?

Sail out to the horizon
And find the Unknown?
Or sink to the bottom of the bay
With the other muk and myre?

To be a pillar or splinter
Of society
Is indeed quite a reluctant choice

Can opposites attract?
Does LOVE really conquer ALL?
ALL of WHAT? How quickly?
Does it upset your stomach?
Does pain justify intensity?
Or is it merely superficial?
Does "ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR"
Include the "SCORCHED EARTH POLICY"?
Does it work both ways?
Should the Fire Dept. be notified?
How 'bout yer Ma?

Harmoniousness denotes:

- A) Craftsmanship
- B) Selling out
- C) Wholesale closeout
- D) All the above

Dissonance is the key
To the untrodden virgin soul
Melody is merely a memory
Harmony is an archaic museum piece
A scream is as good as a wink
Is as good as it gets
Say hello to the sordid pink
Underbelly as you enter
Gee...Why is it so lop-sided?
What happened to all the pieces?
Who's running the projector?
Is there any ink on this bus?
I think I should write Mom now

Is wallowing in the mud of existence
Truly warranted?
Beyond that...Is it feasible?

RISE ABOVE/SINK BELOW

The penultimate YO-YO
Some people "Rock the Cradle" with it
GOODEVILRIGHTWRONGLEFTRIGHTUPDOWNINOUT
Make your choice...Roll the dice...
It comes up...
LEFTUPOUTRIGHTEVILWRONGDOWNGOODRIGHTIN
Means the same either way

Anyway...It was just a passing thought
Don't look at it like that
There's always another perspective
That's the paradox...The catch-all...
For the miscreants and infidels and artists
Their dark worse than bright
One can't hide forever behind a veil of
Fear
Don't get too close to any one of THEM
The flame inside may burn you
Or is it simply that self-immolation
Is the preferred method?
"I'll light my own candle at both ends,
If you don't mind!"
CONSUME YOURSELF AND SAVE!
Can you get a DO-IT-YOURSELF kit
At Revco? How about JC Penney?

Say cats! Where it's at man? I wanna
Cool burley! Gnarley hot dude!
Unnerstan?

BLATANT COLLOQUIALISM Be out soon!
"WE WILL FUCK ANYTHING AND BURN IT DOWN
AND LIKE IT!"
Out of the frying pan
Into the Mix-Master
"Wagons HO-00000000!!!"
Onward through the dream
Don't fall in the swamp Knuckles
What does the "Pickleman" say?

..."so we got out and looked at it and
huge chunks had fallen off as it unraveled
behind us over the last 60 or so miles...
it was inevitable...so was changing the
tire...it was that or walk...not from
columbus ohio...no...you don't do that...
what you do is hope you can stay up long
enough to light your next cigarette"...

The road equivocates freedom
An open-ended illusion
A fantasy generated by the need to ellicite
Some form of mythological significance
From filling ashtrays
Is filling ashtrays part of the
"Reflective Life"?
Does the "Reflective Life" mean 7 years
Bad luck if you break the mirror?
Do you even need one? Is there a concession?
Do you care? Would it make a difference?
Feel free to interrupt at any point here
What does reflecting have to do with the
Fact that the road stretches as far in
Both directions as you can possibly
Conceive of in any abstraction? What?
"The road can be thought of in terms as

An extension of the mind..." BLAH! BLAH!
BLAH! BLAH! BLAH!

The road doesn't belong in the classroom
Or the library

It is both in itself

"Let's sit around and talk about the
Vast and Myriad images that can be
Extracted from something we'll never
See or understand..."

Yeah.....Right

Everything is what it is

So there is no real need

To jump to conclusions

AGING GURUS PILLAGE FRISCO! FILM AT 11!

Son Of The Revenge Of Punjab

On the whole GIVING IN is much more

Palatable than GIVING UP

Or GIVING OUT

SIGNIFY SYMBOLIZE REALIZE ACTIVATE

words words words words

Words matter to me Always have

"How long has this been going on?"

"How far back do you care to go?"

"Where does it start?"

"You don't have time for it."

"But he goes through these bio-dimensional

Phases, Doctor. It really has me worried."

Pause

"Uh-huh. Look. I'm awful sorry. For you

And him. But it's out of my hands.

As if it were ever in them.

Quite frankly, I don't really give a

Damn. Now if you'll excuse me,

I'll just be on my way."

"Oh. Ok."

"That's the spirit! You really can't

Afford me anyway."

NINETEENEIGHTYFOUR showing up soon

WHAT THE HELL DOES THAT MEAN?????

Is it somehow any more significant

Than any other number?

Who's counting anyway? Why did they start?

Is it really necessary?

Will they ever stop? Really? You think so?

IMPENDING DISASTER LTD.

ONLY 2,183 MORE SHOPPING DAYS LEFT

TILL ARMAGEDDON

Better snap it up, chop-chop!

Sodom and Gomorrah at BELOW WHOLESALE!

Imagine that

Meanwhile

The caissons go rolling along

What is a CAISSON? How does it roll?

Why are they all dressed in body bags?

Too bad you don't have the concession

Who really owns the USMC?

What's the asking price?

What does "Consumer Reports" say about it?

How many other people think of the

Government in terms of a series of

Locked doors with

Frosted glass windows?

How many as a toilet that won't flush?

As a "Real kick-ass quiltin' bee

Henrietta!"?

How many other people think?

How many want to?

How many would rather forget?

How many would YOU rather forget?

It's still too dark in the mailbox

Patience takes too long

Rusty spiritualism/Worship

Flogging a dead horse

Rusty Gods/Fallen Angels/Empty Banana

Peels/Holy Greed All exhaust

Belched up from a frightened species

Choking on the despair of generation

Upon generation of justifying pointless

Lives with belief in "Pie in the sky"

Dogma that added up don't make bus change

It's like.....What are you afraid of?

Do voices speak louder than words?

Is ritual a piercing cry

Or a desperate fart at the wind?

Does magic shape and define the

Human Spirit

Or does idolatry and worship

Burn it down?

Is catharsis a driving force

Or a Chocolate Mousse Flambe?

Or is it singularly distinctive

In some form of abstraction

Or by some fluke of transsubstantiation?

WELL, IS IT??

Pardon me

I just want to know one thing:

WHEN DOES IT END?

When it blows a power transistor

At low volume

On stand-by OR

"Yeah, when you show up, fucker!"

Does one more Lucky Strike Mean an

End to this all?

Would it be effective? Would it matter?

Where The Jobs Really Are!!!

Are you wasting away in a dead-end job? Are you sick of hearing such phrases as "Do you have any experience?" or "Do you have a degree?" Has your lack of formal education kept you out of such big money fields as medicine, architecture, law, and many others? Well, no more. "NFU" now shows you how to obtain the degree of your choice without ever attending a single class. This method has worked for several "NFU" staff members, and it will work for you. Just follow these simple instructions:

- 1) Pick a job you know you can do, (a PE teacher, for example), go down and apply for it.
- 2) Be sure to list plenty of experience, whether you have it or not. They never check. Also, list your degree from ASU.

...Now you ask, "How do I get this degree?" Check the adjoining page, where you will see a xerox copy of one of Dr. Michael Pemulis' many real college degrees.

...The steps continue...

- 3) If you are asked to produce your degree by your new boss, explain to him that you gave it to your mother because she was so proud of the only member of your family to ever graduate. You will, however, call her long distance and ask her to send you a xerox copy.
- 4) This gives you 3 to 5 days, plenty of time. Clip out Dr. Pemulis' degree, use white liquid paper to white out the name and the name of the degree. Then, go to your local art store or office supply store and buy the proper lettering. You can now fill in the name and degree of your choice over the sections you whited out.
- 5) You can now xerox off your own degree.
- 6) Give it to your employer. It will work.

Now there is no excuse. You can easily infiltrate, disrupt, and even destroy the field of your choice, (and make good bucks doing it!) The hospitals, the schools, and yes, the courts are yours to be had. So get your degree and go to work.

I said to him, "Officer, this just isn't right." He said, "Let me tell you something, boy. I got the law backing me up! I don't have to be right!" So they took me downtown. The charge: "Watching the stars at 2 AM, apparently high on some hallucinogenic drug." Since no one I know had any money, I spent the month waiting for my trial in jail. During that month, a strange thing happened. The media, through one of my friends, had picked up my story. The headlines read, "Man faces 20 years for standing around". Now the public was split. Many thought I deserved whatever I got. There was a small minority, though, who didn't understand why watching the stars was a crime. But, like always, the bulk of the people didn't give a shit what happened. The End.

Arizona State University

Greeting to all to whom these Letters shall come

The Arizona Board of Regents
by virtue of the authority vested in it by law and
on recommendation of the University Faculty does hereby confer on

Michael Amuliz

who has satisfactorily completed the Studies prescribed therefor
the Degree of

Bachelor of Social Work

with all the Rights, Privileges and Honors thereto appertaining

In Witness whereof the Seal of the University is hereto affixed
Done at Tempe, Arizona, this eighteenth day of December, in the
year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eighty.



Bennet Baskett

Governor of Arizona

Don J. Schuchman

President of the University

William E. Byrne

President of the Board

Leon Wood

Registrar of the University

Tee Time With The Pope

MY FLOCK: The endless profundities that exist only serve to further complicate the mere implications of a placebetic interest in the embryonic development in the source of raw energy that is. And furthermore, the very idea of the impeachment of said prophecy could only be construed as, in it's purest form, a conspiracy against the unreality of absolute logic. Amen.

EDITORIAL

I'm sick of trends. I've suffered through the Punk trend, the New Wave trend, the Reggae trend, the Rockabilly trend, the Valley Boys and Girls trend.....God, I'm so sick of these fly-by-night trends. Just as I predicted years ago in a report published in Relix Magazine, (12/17/53 #37 Ed.) the Disco trend of the '70s has merged with the Punk trend, and now, lo and behold, we have Punk Discos! And just when I thought it was safe to go back to the clubs, a new trend seems to be permeating the masses: the "I'm-scared-to-death-of-nuclear-energy" trend. Really. Some disoriented morons will latch on to anything just to fit in. And how ridiculous! Nuclear energy is a myth. The whole scam was dreamed up by a gun shop owner in downtown Detroit. What a boom! (pun intended) The guy starts spreading this ludicrous rumor that several world powers possess enough nuclear weaponry to destroy every living soul on earth. His sales, not so amazingly, increased by 700% in 3 months time. Clever businessman.

Those of us non-trendists are intelligent enough to realize that there is no such thing as nuclear energy. But the governments of the major powers know a good thing when they see me. They're going along with the joke, even perpetuating it, realizing that a frightened populous is an obedient populous.

So.....It's becoming trendy to worry about nuclear energy. Geez, how dumb. Anyone with a lick of smarts knows that Tony Victor owns the only nuclear bomb in the world. And those of us who know Tony know that he's cool. He'll let us know ahead of time when he's ready to drop the BIG ONE. So stop with the anxiety crap, already. You're in good hands with Tony.

.....Anyone who disagrees with the preceding editorial can go fuck themselves.....

SOME PROVERBS TO LIVE BY

It's not nice to make fun of people who are more fortunate than you.
Always judge a book by it's cover.
There is no rest for the stupid.

SOME MUSICAL OBSERVATIONS

Last night in the bathtub, I saw the future of Rock-n-Roll, and it was me.

...Excerpt from an interview with the multi-talented Country-n-Western star, John E. Precious:

NFU: What's your favorite color?

JEP: That's a really personal question, and it's none of your damn business, anyway!

FLASH!

The Rolling Stones have traded lead guitarist Keith Richards to the Grateful Dead for aging grey-haired guru Jerry Garcia and a future keyboardist after Brent Mydland leaves the Dead and dies.

The Pope had a psychic flash last night: I predict that Rick Springfield will not play at the Mad Garden in '84.....Perhaps '85.

A LETTER

Dear Pope,

Perhaps you can settle a difference of opinion I'm having with my best friend. My friend says the Meat Puppets used to be the Moody Blues. I say he is incorrect. Please inform me as to which one of us is right.

Bless you,
Larry

Dear Larry,

You ignorant asshole. I haven't got time to be bothered with your immature bickering. You two whining fucks better clean up your act.

INVESTIGATIVE EXPOSE

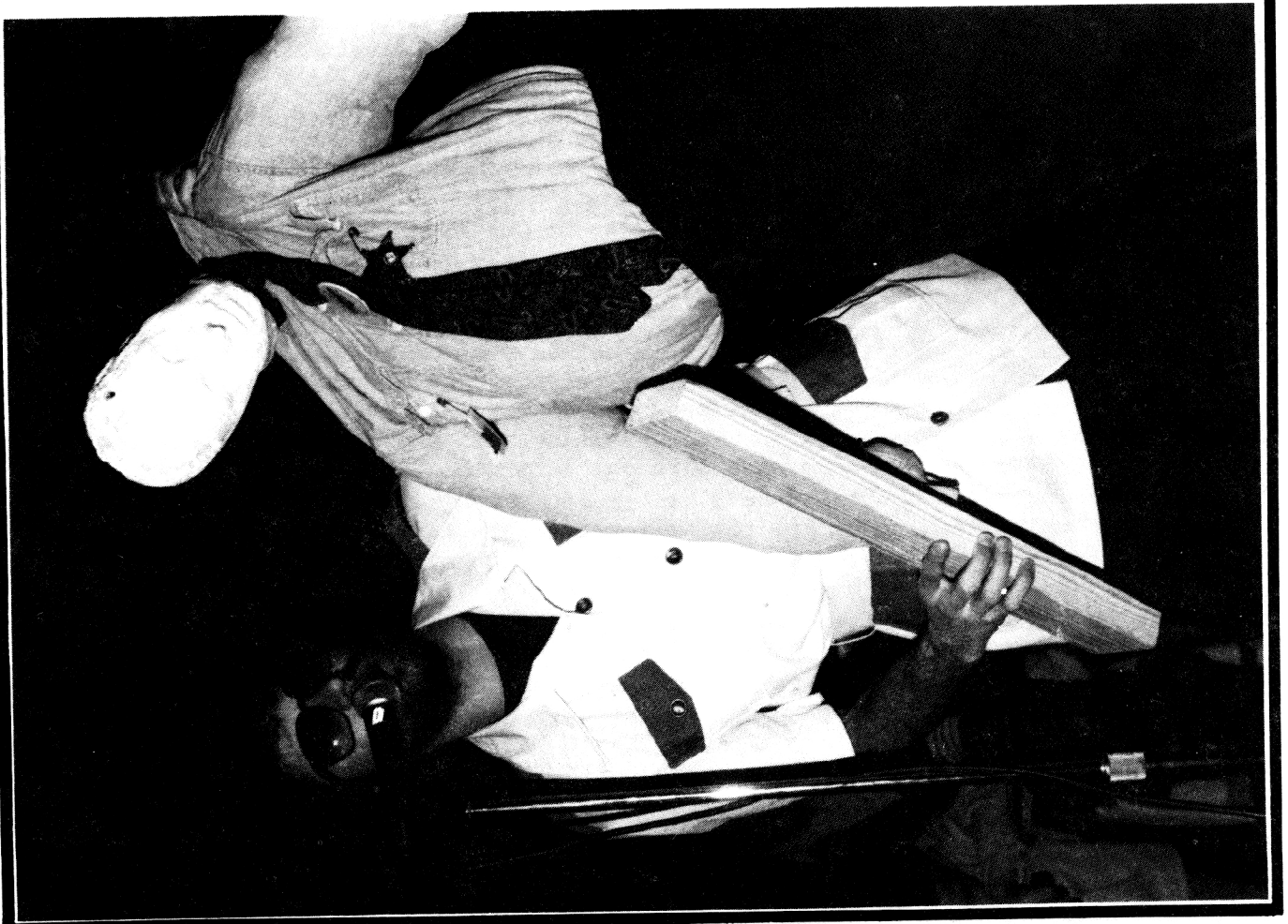
I've been researching the roots of the blues, and I've uncovered some very solid evidence that the blacks ripped off the blues from the musical styling of 18th-Century European Jews. I'll have more on this report as soon as I make up the facts.

ADVERTISEMENT

The Pope has a brand new book. It should be out in the bookstores by the end of this month. Please buy my book, and support your local Pope. It's called, "Punk Rockers Eat Quiche".

...Well, that's all for this week. Remember: "Fuck dance, and hey - LET'S ART!"...

Love,
Pope



PEMULIS IN EUROPE

Yes, it's true. At this very moment I'm sitting in an apartment in Rotterdam, Holland, with my long time friends Okton Suede and Jimmy Muhamed. I recently made the short hop to London to meet your humble editor, Nick, at Gatwick Airport. After spending the night in London, we returned to Rotterdam, where we spent two pleasant days talking about everything from the JFA Tour to Pete Roses' batting average. Before leaving for Germany, Nick asked me to submit an article describing some of the events that had taken place so far on the Pemulis European Tour. I agreed.

FIRST STOP: Marbella, Spain; on the Mediterranean coast. Marbella is a year 'round tourist trap, but it does get it's share of maniacs. Although dope is not legal, it is easily purchased and when rolled with tobacco, is openly smoked. For myself, I was buying mainly Moroccan Black Hash, which was quite lovely and inexpensive as well. 500 Pesetas, (about \$4), will get you about 2 grams. The beach was nice at points, but as May turned to June it became much too crowded with fat, ugly, topless tourist women. The increase in tourist population invariably brings the black Moroccan salesman out of the woodwork. Loaded with wallets, sandals, small carvings and a whip, they trudge through the sand approaching people with the patented Moroccan sales pitch, "Berry cheep, berry cheep! You must buy!" If you do wish to buy something off one of these guys, Remember: You can always get the poor bastard down to a fraction of his starting price. If you are a musician and can play "Horse With No Name", you can make enough to live on in Marbella. Playing the terraces, (outside cafes), for a couple hours usually gets you through a day or two. However, you have to be able to put up with the rich, arrogant tourist cunts that inhabit these places. Pemulis, Suede and Muhamed could not. We played in the streets of Old Town in front of a bank. In 3 short weeks we built a native cult following, which consisted mainly of shop-owners, their daughters and teen-agers ditching school. The most popular song was the Poets Corner smash, "Honky Tonk Amarillo", featuring Jimmy Muhamed on the Florida Gator Waltz. After awhile Marbella got old. There was only one thing to do: Go to Morocco! By the way, the bank we used as a stage was blown to bits by a terrorist bomb one day after our departure...But anyway -

Upon reaching the Spanish-Moroccan border in Cueta, the traveler is immediately attacked by multi-lingual Arabs who want desperately to be your friend. When in Morocco, Remember: "Never Trust An Arab!" Get rid of these over-zealous little leeches as quickly as possible. All they want is your money. "La Shokra", (no thank you), and "Sibni Fi Hatik", (please leave me alone), will usually bring a response of "Fucking Jew!" from your new friends, but they will leave you alone. On the bus from Cueta to Tetuan, we encountered 3 young Moroccs who told us they would show us a cheap hotel in Tetuan. This they did, and also smoked numerous joints of fine Moroccan Blonde Hash with us. After the fifth or sixth joint, one of the Arabs produced what must have been a 15 gram ball of Hash. He asked us politely if we wanted to buy it. Having already purchased some Moroccan handicraft from an art shop they had shown us earlier, (they get paid commission), we decided we had spent enough for one day and said no. Our friend, however, would not take No for an answer, and began to bargain with us. After 15 minutes, his price was down from 200 Dirhams to 15 Dirhams, (1 Dirham=15¢...figure it out). Now this was a great deal! 15 grams for just over \$2! But still, no deal. Many of these young pricks sell you the dope and then turn you into the nearest law. This last refusal sent the boys into a rage. "What? You smoke our Hash, now you no want to buy?? You must buy! It is Moroccan custom!" It truly looked as if fists would fly when one of our young friends started to look through my pack. "Hands off!" I demanded. "What are you doing?"

"At least give me an American souvenir", he pleaded.

I thought for a moment, and then gave the poor shmuck an old Cub Scout hat I

bought for a quarter at a Lisa Wheeler Yard Sale. He seemed pleased, and left us a large chunk of Hash. We smoked a bit of it, then threw the rest out the window and that was that. We went to sleep.

After a short stop in (un-intelligible scrawl), we proceeded to Fez. Ahh, Fez! With the legendary Medina, supposedly capable of trapping the un-guided tourist in it's maze of shops, fruit stands, butchers etc for hours or longer. Big deal. Sure, Fez was alright for the culture shock and all that shit, but it just wasn't a whole lot of fun for Pemulis. I mean, I like looking at rows and rows of freshly cut goat heads as much as the next guy, but truly, when you've seen one, you've seen 'em all. Some advice for those of you bound for Morocco: Don't take on no guides - They're assholes! Don't buy nothing from no one on the street. When some little shit named Mustafa wants to bring you to his fathers' carpet shop, tell him to "Fuck off!" When someone wants to sell you dope, your reply should be "No, Diablo, no!" As you can probably tell, I got my fill of Morocco very quickly and decided to shoot up to Holland to stay with a guitar player I met in Spain and his girlfriend.

When I arrived at Bobs door with Okton Suede, (Jimmy Muhamed stayed on in Morocco with a Scottish spiritualist named Alister), Bob was cooking a fine dinner and promptly rolled a huge joint to celebrate. That's how it is in Holland. This is the greatest country in the world! Possession of an ounce or less of grass or hash is completely legal. Smoking in the street is also alright. In fact, it is not unusual for a cop to ask you for a hit or two. The police know most of the dealers and don't bother them unless they try to sell something harder. Another nice thing I've noticed is the lack of abject poverty. There are no bums in the gutter or anywhere else. The Social Security System here is spectacular! A Dutch citizen who has worked 6 months can receive no less than 1000 Guilders a month for life if he loses his job. This is after $2\frac{1}{2}$ years of receiving higher payments. Not bad, considering you can rent an apartment for 200 Guilders. That 200 Guilders covers rent, gas and electric. When people lose their jobs here they don't look for more work, they go on vacation. It's even more beautiful than 17 white Hippies at a Walt Richardson gig.

I know you are all glad to hear Pemulis is having such a great time. Wish you could all be here with me, but hey, I know, you gotta go to work tomorrow, right? Well, that's the way it goes. By the way, avoid England, if possible. Princess Di gives great head, but that bitch thatcher will bite your dick off. Ask Reagan.

So, in short, on the 5 Bong Scale, let me rate the countries for you:

HOLLAND - 5 Bongs! (Top honors!)

SPAIN - $3\frac{1}{2}$ Bongs (Very nice)

MOROCCO - 2 Bongs (Interesting)

ENGLAND - 0 Bongs (Homosexual cunts)

Until next time, this is Dr. Michael Pemulis in Rotterdam, saying "Da".

50 WAYS TO SELL YOUR SOUL NO.2 BY EDDY DETROIT

What is good and evil to you? Some people think that getting fucked up on acid is good but then the Bible thumpers think that's evil. Some people think that S&M is evil. Then again, the "M" thinks it's good. There's a way to have your cake and eat it, too. The answer is Satanism. Satanism gives you the benefits of earthly pleasures. The key to success is singleness of purpose. What is singleness of purpose? It is when you devote all your energy to the one desire you want out of life. When you take your will-power and be obsessed with it for what you want to be or what you want out of life. If you spread yourself thin you lose. If you fulfill your ego you win. That's Satanism. The Devil isn't all bad. Sometimes he's rather good. see!.....To be continued

GOAL SETTING

Making a plan to succeed

SATHAN (KORJART)

1. List 3 goals you would like to achieve (week)/1 weekend goal.

- A. KILL EVERYBODY
- B. KILL MY WIFE
- C. KILL JESUS
- D. F*CK THE CORPSES

2. List the specific steps you plan to take to achieve your goal.

- A. MIND CONTROL
- B. STAB IN HEART
- C. WITH HERION
- D. BIG PEPE

3. Who are the people who might assist you to reach your goals.

- A. LUCIFER
- B. MYSELF
- C. _____
- D. MY MOM

4. Ways I can reward myself or be rewarded by others when goals are reached.

- A. NEVER BE BOTHERED
- B. F*CK CORPSES WITH BIG PEPE
- C. \$TICK BIG NEWSIES OF HERION

(Follow-Up)

1. Goals accomplished.

PEACE ON EARTH FIRST LAUNDRY
DEATH TO MISCREANTS

2. Reasons goals were not accomplished.

JESUS CAME TO BIG
CLOTHES DRIVERS OCCUPIED



WARNING: The information in this article is intended to be esoteric!

THE ACID PHILOSOPHER by Einstein Marx Leary

Always pondering, yet always sure of what he knows in a general sense, the acid philosopher thinks. The truly enlightened one has found his way into the universe through the back door: instead of knowing everything in the universe, he knows what everything is. Tuned in, he knows that the postulates, axioms, cardinal rules, and mores of the world society have no firm ground. He looks into the mirror of "reality", for he is no longer in the surface, the plane of the inexperienced. The reflections are plastic; the apparent stability isn't real.

He'll take you up, he'll bring you down; he'll plant your feet back firmly on the ground. That is, if you're ready for takeoff. As he knows, change is all that remains the same. So let go---there is nothing steadfast to hold onto now.

He realizes his destiny fearlessly. Nothing can kill him except his karma. Anything he does he is meant to do--and nothing can stop him, even neo-Hitler-esque senile dictators.

He is and isn't an individual--a piece of totality. Therefore, his problems are everyone's. He knows that it is up to him to try to solve them, regardless of what the inexperienced say. But if he can't, he knows that he was never meant to.

To him life is a science, with many experiments along the way. He knows he'll be right in the end. Part of this science is knowing when to act as an individual and when to be part of the mass; rationality helps him decide when. He has his own fads: wearing pragmatic clothing appropriate to the weather is one of them. Music is much the same way. Faddish teeny-bopper alcohol rock is out; thought-inducing psychedelic is in ----timeless, transcendental, eclectic, and yet almost a generation old, it makes him think expediently to his frame of mind.

He can tell you about God better than a rabbi or priest, etc. He knows himself better than any common priest; therefore, he knows God better ---the one thing which is everything! All things which make one! There's no anthropomorphic (humanoid) "God" because IT is everywhere. No "God" with a consciousness like ours--why would a conscious being inflict suffering on the ones that "He" created? Why would "He" create us in the first place if a consciousness like ours existed in the first place? He realizes that God is both good and bad--with the badness only being a temporary state. God can't save us until we all know that we are God in the first place and it is our responsibility to correct our errors.

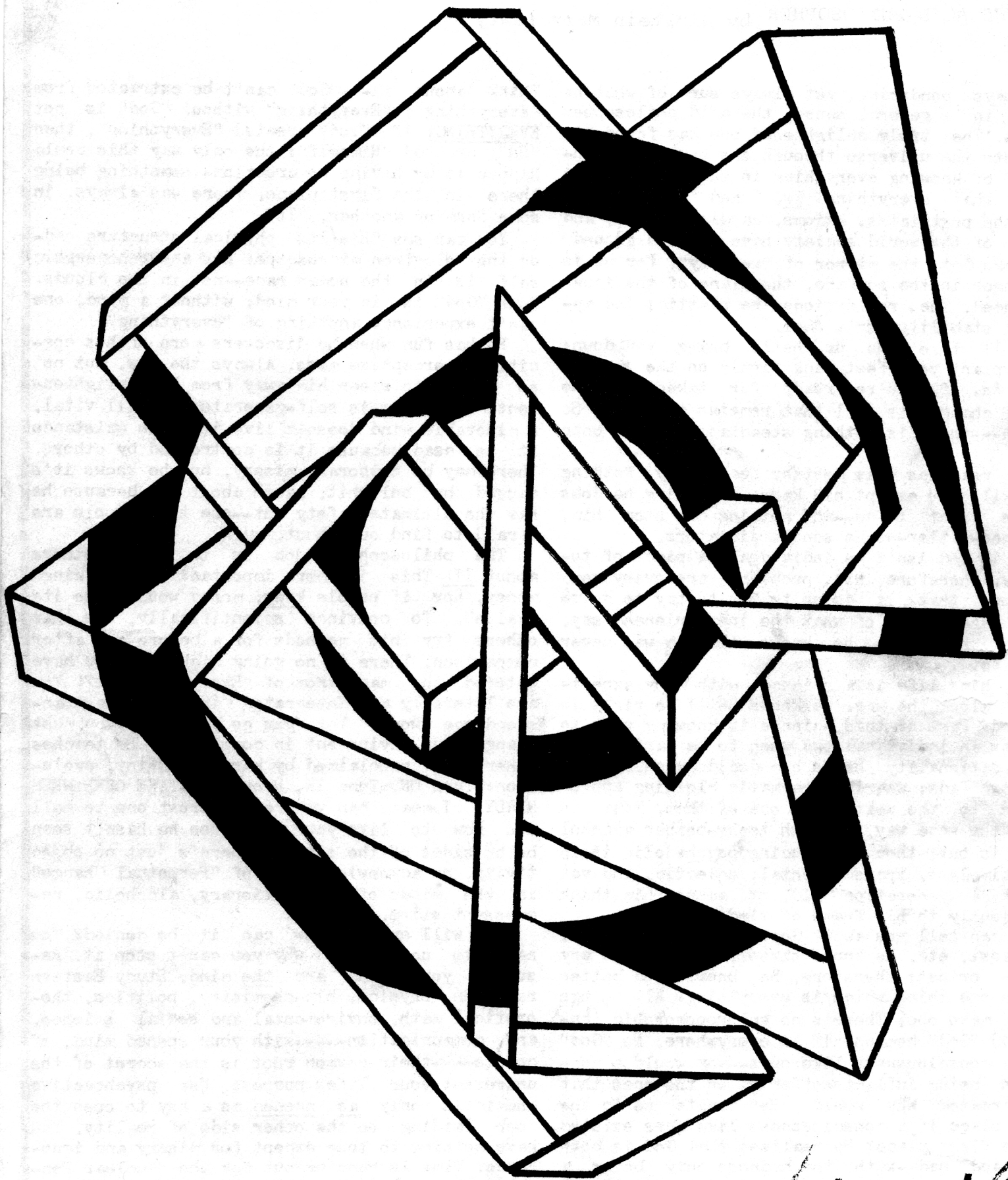
Think about it---"God" can't be extracted from "Everything"; "Everything" without "God" is not EVERYTHING! If "God" created "Everything", then "He" created "Himself"; the only way this could happen is by having no creation--something being there in the first place. There was always, in some form or another, "It".

You can see "His/Its" physical structure under the electron microscope; his anthropomorphic self is in the human race--not in the clouds. Your "God" is in your mind; without a mind, one can't experience anything of "Everything".

He has fun when he discovers more of his cognitive perceptive mass. Always the new, but not so new as to steer him away from his enlightenment; happiness is self-generated and all vital. A miserable mind doesn't live it's own existence it is dead because it is controlled by others. There may be temporary misery, but he knows it's caused by bullshit. Laugh about it, because he has the ultimate safety net--one that people are afraid to find out about.

The philosophers job is to teach others about IT! This is more important than "Making" money, for if people knew, money would lose its "value". To convince scientifically, he has others try his methods for a before and after comparison. There is no going back once you have entered the maelstrom of "Everything"--IT! You are literally an "Integrated Circuit". The transcendence won't let you go back, and you must change your environment in compliance. He teaches others, as proclaimed by karma, destiny, evolution: Turn ON, Tune IN, Drop OUT--"TAKE OVER WHEN READY". I mean, can you really trust one to tell you how to live your life when he hasn't seen both sides of the street; there's just no objectivity, no acknowledgement of "Perpetual Change" in the minds of deevolutionary, alcoholic, regressive slime.

You will evolve; how can it be denied? You need to understand why you can't stop it. Research your mind and the mind. Study Eastern religion, physics, bio-chemistry, politics, theoretical math, environmental and social science, and communication-----with your opened mind, of course-----their common root is the secret of the universe: your life's purpose. Use psychoactive chemicals only as needed as a key to open the door leading to the other side of reality. You have nothing to lose except for misery and ignorance. Time is running out for the "Nuclear Pendulum" to swing the other way. Fuck the world's elite before they fuck you to death! Become an "Acid Philosopher"; become one or become none!



Valentin -